

Thirteen Ways of Nevermore: Arkansas, 12/ 31/2010

by Catherine Davis

Pas de cinq mille, in B minor.

(The stage will be crowded.)

Instruments: violin, cello, *blue guitar*, tambourine.

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I

Scene: MIDNIGHT all day. *Bleak December*. A chiaroscuro, snowing blackbirds.

II

Swirling FLIGHT. [Andantino > vivace > agito > furioso *fff*]

III

Action: NO ONE hears them cry out — in this un-startled ear of night. At least, no one admits it afterwards.

IV

Always there are shadows, ghosts rise and fall. It happens all the time. This is only a *part of the PANTOMIME*.

V

Primary characters: an INNUENDO, perhaps: being slight of brain, they follow the wrong leader. Or, not understanding signals, they mistake the red beacon and fly against a *GREEN LIGHT*.

VI

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/catherine-davis/thirteen-ways-of-nevermore-arkansas-12312010»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/catherine-davis/thirteen-ways-of-nevermore-arkansas-12312010)

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Costume: Extravagant black plumage, with RED-tipped wings.

VII

Secondary characters: the THIN MEN, who prefer golden birds. To embrace the beauty of light or the beauty of dark, this was never their question.

VIII

Pre-Scene: Beebe was already knee-deep in BIRD SHIT. (Hm, recreate or not?)

IX

Abruptly: in a denser air, *between issue and return*, not a FEATHER flutters. Sudden, utter stillness. [Mysterioso]

X

Now, five thousand: plummeting. *Keeping time, time, time.* PLUMMETING, each a singular instant.

XI

The breast, *the bone*, dashed bodies, *on stone*. Maybe ASPHALT. (In sixes, dancers crash to floor.) [Sforzando piano *sfzp*]

XII

Easy as EGGSHELLS. Broken beaks, broken bells. *Wingless and withered*, by the blunt force of earth. Crimson blooms on each breast, spreading. Spreading, until: fade to RED. [Morendo]

XIII

Where do I begin?

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